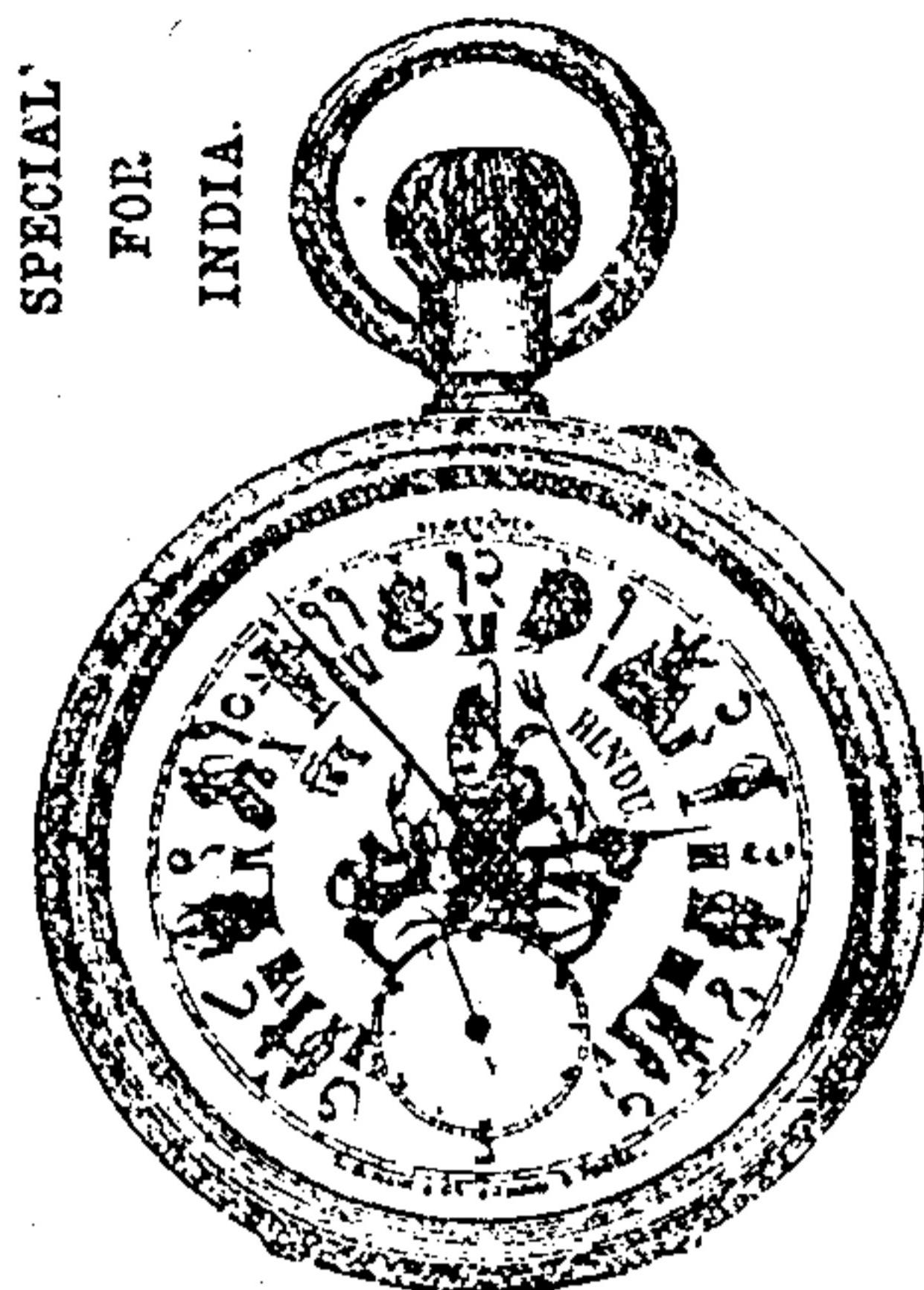


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"Emerson, Whitman, and Lowell, among American writers, show belief in it. Max Muller says that the greatest minds of humanity have believed it. Prof. Henley remarks that it is implied in the immortality of the soul as was pointed out by the sceptic Hume. Scientifically, it is the inevitable pendant of the evolution of the body."

Musaens School and Orphanage for Buddhist Girls in Ceylon.—This excellent institution is managed by its able principal Mrs. M. Higgins. We are glad to hear very good reports of it. The number of pupils is said to be increasing so much so, that before long, further applications for admission will have to be refused. The school and orphanage need moral and material support and any help sent in aid will be thankfully acknowledged by the Principal. The institution from its unique character and from the excellent way in which it is managed, deserves the sympathy and support of our readers. The monthly journal, 'Rays of Light' is its organ and is uniformly interesting. The August number of this journal is particularly so, and contains, besides 'Notes by the Way' and 'Gems from the Orient,' an article on the truth about Pasteur's Vaccines, one on the treatment of criminals and another entitled, 'Some reasons for a vegetarian diet.' That entitled 'An open letter' deserves special mention. The subscription is very small, being only Re. 1. 25 per annum post free. All remittances are to be sent to the Managing Editor, Cinnamon Gardens, Colombo, Ceylon.

Swami Sivananda.—A disciple of Sri Ramkrishna Paramahamsa Deva has gone to Ceylon to carry out Swami Vivekananda's plans in Ceylon. He will stay there for several months. We are glad to hear that classes for the study of Raja Yoga have been formed, and that the Swami is to deliver a series of lectures on the Vedanta Philosophy at the Musaens School every Sunday afternoon, at 4 o'clock.

Sri Ramkrishna Paramahamsa.—The anniversary of the decease of the Mahatman was celebrated in a fitting style, at Kankud Gachi Yogadyan, Calcutta, on the 12th August 1897.

The Mysore Anathalaya.—We are glad to be informed that a Reading Room and a Library have been attached to this institution, and that they are largely availed of both by the Orphans there and by those who are fed in it once a week. As our readers are already aware, it is under the support of the generous public of Mysore and the proceedings of its monthly meetings appear every month in the leading local newspapers. Any help to the institution in the shape of pecuniary contribution, books or journals will be thankfully received.

Reviews.

A philosophical study.—By A. Govindacharlu, F. T. S. of Mysore, who is already known by his translation of the Bhagavad Gita. This comprises three lectures delivered before the federal meeting, Kumblukonam, on the Mahamaghan Day, which fell on the 17th of February. We have received the first part of this series which deals with occidental philosophy. It is very neatly got up in the form of a pamphlet of 70 pages and is priced six annas. It is a review, so to speak, of the whole of occidental philosophy (excluding the modern) with special reference to Inspiration, Intuition and Ecstasy. It is full of very interesting quotations from various sources and shrewd observations. The learned lecturer has a wonderful grasp of the Grecian systems of philosophy and tells us much in a short compass. As an example we quote the following:

"If to Plato and Aristotle, philosophy conducted to Truth, to Epicurus it led to happiness. In Indian terminology, it was the 'Sat' and 'Chit' aspects of Brahm which Plato and Aristotle discovered, it was the 'Ananda' aspect which Epicurus indicated." The Stoics he rightly calls the Jains of Greece. The most interesting part of the lecture is that which deals with Ecstasy, but the difference between the western conception of ecstasy and the eastern notion of Brahmananda or Yogananda is nowhere indicated.—(Wesleyan Press, Mysore.)

Tatva Manjari.—(Manager, Mr. Kalipada Bose, Kankudgachi Yogadyana, 15, Kankudgachi 3rd lane, Harrison Road P. O., Calcutta. Re. 1-8 per year). This monthly journal is half in Bengali and half in English. The English portion contains the teachings of Sri Ramkrishna Deva given in the form of aphorisms. In the number before us we have first an interesting 'Note' on the Existence of God, and then three Sutras with a short gloss on each. Two of these are, 'Know Thyself and thou shalt know the Deity.' 'Have faith and thou shalt know God. We can know him through faith alone.' The great Paramahamsa is one of the immortals of our country, and keeps teaching us through a number of channels.

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Educational Review.—"There is no need, we hope, to introduce Dr. Smiles' famous Work to Indian Readers. In England for the last thirty years the book has circulated among all classes. That it has, however, a cosmopolitan value is proved by the fact that it is to be found reprinted in various forms in America and has been translated in German, French, Danish, and Dutch. The reason for this is probably to be found in the variety of anecdotal illustrations of life and character it contains. Human nature is much the same all over the world, and all but the most degraded must take an interest in the story of how others have struggled and achieved success. It would be difficult to over-estimate the influence which this single volume has exerted over the lives of thousands. We think it was the late Sir Stafford Northcote who remarked that had he read this book while he was still a young man he was certain that the course of his life would have been considerably modified by its perusal. For our part we know of no more inspiring book on the subject of Self-Help. It is a book which we would like to see widely read in a country where the principle of Self-Help is not applied as much as it might be." Sold by

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VOL. II.
No. 3.

MADRAS, SEPTEMBER 1897.

PUBLISHED
MONTHLY.

Karma and Freedom.

By a strange perversion of things, the doctrine of Karma has come to be identified with fatalism in the narrow sense of the word, though there are no two things which are so diametrically opposed to each other. Freedom is the very essence of Karma ; and, since it is a thing done, it can be undone by the doer. The Hindus are not fatalists, but know the difference between fate and free will.

Says the great law-giver Manu, .

Thou canst not gather what thou dost not sow :
As thou dost plant the tree, so will it grow (ix. 40).
Success in every enterprise depends,
On Destiny and man combined, the acts
Of Destiny are out of man's control
Think not on Destiny but act thyself. (VII, 205).
Whatever the act a man commits, whate'er
His state of mind, of that the recompense
Must he receive in corresponding body. (XII, 51)
Let all men ponder with attentive mind
The passage of the soul through diverse forms,
Of Brahma, gods and men, beasts, plants and stones
According to their good or evil acts,
And so apply their minds to virtue only. (XII, 22, 42, 86).

Here in a nutshell is the whole theory of Karma. The precept is, 'Think not on Destiny but act thyself.' Karma thus, instead of being identical with fatalism, is diametrically opposed to it. It is an incentive to action, for it does not mystify fate and frighten man, but gives a most rational and scientific explanation of it and assures him that, though the present of which he himself was the author is irrevocable, he may at least better his future. The doctrine of Karma is thus at once an incentive to action and a source of consolation. Whatever in the present is unchangeable is the result of past

Karma, and there is no use of complaining about it or of pettishly accusing God. That which is bad now might be made to pass into good in the future, and that which is good to better and best, for 'stronger than woe is will.' Fatalism cuts at the root of ethics, while Karma furnishes the strongest basis for it, for it says, 'By injuring others you injure yourself.' Fatalism destroys faith, while Karma is the best safeguard for it, for it says, 'It is not God that is to blame but yourself.' This is why scepticism which is making a havoc in other countries is conspicuous in ours by its absence. Fatalism means irrevocable bondage, while Karma presupposes freedom of the will. Says the Amritabindu Upanishad

मन एव मनुष्याणां कारणं बन्धमोक्षः:

Mind (or will) is the cause of man's bondage and freedom. Sri Krishna says,

उद्दरेदात्मनात्मानं नात्मानमवसादयेत् ।
आत्मैवह्यात्मनोबन्धुरात्मैवरिपुरात्मनः ॥
बन्धुरात्मात्मनस्तस्य येनात्मैवात्मनार्जितः ।
अनात्मनस्तुशत्रुत्वे वर्तेतात्मैवरात्रुवत् ॥

Man should raise himself by himself (or his mind) : 'he should not ruin himself for he (his mind) is his own friend as well as his own enemy. The mind is the friend of him who by himself, has conquered it, but to him who has not restrained himself, the mind becomes an enemy (Gita VI. 5-6.) In the face of these and numberless other statements of the same kind in our books, it is really surprising that the doctrine of Karma and fatalism should have been confounded with each other by a set of ingenious critics who are honestly struggling to enlighten us on the dark points in our Sastras. Indeed, unless freedom of will be granted, all the scriptures in

the world including the Gospels of Christ and our own Vedas, containing injunctions such as

उत्तिष्ठतजाप्रतप्राप्यवरान्निबोधत ।

'Awake, arise, seek the great ones and obtain wisdom' (*Ka. Up.* III. 14) might without a sigh be consigned to the bottom of the sea.

Here the determinist comes forward and says, 'We grant that you have to use your discretion and choose between alternatives every moment of your life, but is not your very choice *determined* by your heredity, temperament, education, environment, and the like, so that you could never have acted differently from how you really acted? It being so, how do you claim that your will is free?' Here is the second of the two limitations imposed according to the fatalist on the liberty of the human will, and this we described at the outset as a constitutional limitation which determines man's mental activity and very subtly intermingles in the relation of a cause to its effect, with even the most imperceptible and minute workings of his will. This is the last arrow in the determinist's quiver, the *Brahma astra* to which he resorts as a final refuge, and we have to reckon with it. It would not do to say, as a recent writer does, 'If any fact is clear, it is the conscious choice, whereby I decide to follow this course in preference to that; for although every fact in my experience, every trait of character and every circumstance may be such as apparently to determine my conduct for all future time, it is not until I say, "I am ready" that the chosen career of self-sacrifice and service, or whatever the choice may be, becomes a living fact.' This is a position which is easily overthrown by the determinist, who says that not merely our final choice but even our wavering, our willingness or otherwise to act, and, indeed, all the minutest workings of our will are *determined*, and are as rigidly bound by necessity and as completely obey the law of causation as the phenomena of the material universe. 'You say you are ready,' says he, 'because you cannot but say so.' The microcosm is as much governed by law as the macrocosm, and to place the actions of man on the same footing with the workings of Nature would seem to be scientifically unimpeachable and be the only position thoroughly consistent with the principle of unity which has been discovered to exist in the world. Accordingly Dr. Paul Carus, in his thoughtful and pre-eminently suggestive book, 'Fundamental Problems,' compares a man who acts of his free will to a magnet pointing to the north according to its own inherent quality. He says, 'Those who maintain that free will and determinism are irreconcilable contradictions start from the apparently slight but important error that *compulsion* and *necessity* are identical. They think that what happens from necessity proceeds from compulsion somehow. They overlook the fact that there is a necessity imposed from without as well as a necessity operat-

ing from within: the former acts by compulsion, from outward, mechanical pressure as it were, while the latter works spontaneously, though necessarily in accordance with the character of the man, constituting his free will. For instance, a man delivers to a highwayman his valuables because he is compelled to do so by threats or even blows: he suffers violence; his action is not free. But if a man, seeing one of his wretched fellow-beings suffering from hunger and cold through extreme poverty, and overpowered by compassion, gives away all he has about him, this man does not act under compulsion. He acts from free will, but, being such as he is, he so acts of necessity, in accordance with his character.' He adds that if a magnet placed without outward pressure on a pivot be endowed with sentiment and gifted with the power of speech, it would say, "I am free, and of my free will I point towards the north."

Dr. Paul Carus admits determinism but very ingeniously points out that determinism and free will are simply different aspects of the same thing. "Free will and determinism," he says, "do not exclude each other. Free will is the postulate of morals, determinism is the postulate of science. The actions of a free will are not irregular or without law: they are rigidly determined by the character of the man that acts."

The doctor is perfectly right when he says that determinism does not exclude free will, but in our opinion, he concedes a little too much to the determinist by agreeing to place the workings of the human will on the same footing with the phenomena of the outer world. We grant that the law of causation is a universal law, that it is 'the internal harmony and the logical order of the world,' and that the actions of man are as much subject to that law as the occurrences in the physical universe, but here the parallel between them is at an end. The magnet points to the north and cannot but do so, when no pressure is put upon it; it knows no alternatives and has to make no decision; a man on the other hand acts in a particular way even when he might have acted otherwise, and he does so because the decision rests with him. At every step he has to choose between alternatives, and his act is determined no doubt in the sense that it is an effect proceeding from proper causes, but one of the causes is his will, which is by its nature free. We do not for a moment assert that this will is free to the fullest extent and can do whatever it pleases, but it is free under certain limitations. The situations in which it finds itself placed and the alternatives which present themselves before it are determined, but not its choice between those alternatives.

Our meaning will become clearer if we examine once again into the doctrine of Karma. According to this Vedântic doctrine, the only bondage which man is subject to, is the result of his own actions (Karma bandha). The doer is by nature free, for

Karma implies a free doer, but every act he does produces a two-fold result which clings to him, first, a tangible result, and secondly, a tendency good or bad. Past Karma influences the present life, therefore, in two ways; first, in the shape of a man's character or tendencies, and secondly, as external fate. The self-conscious man, Jiva is by nature free, for otherwise the doctrine of Karma would be meaningless, but he having by his own act imposed upon his freedom this two-fold limitation, all that is left to him is only a power to choose between the alternatives which fate brings before him, and in choosing between them he may either follow his tendencies generated by past Karma or struggle against them. Both the situation and his tendencies are determined, but within this two-fold limitation there is a narrow scope for free choice. The faculty of choosing is what we call will, or, in Vedântic language, Chitta. But for this free Chitta, neither progress nor retrogression would be possible. The will is by its own nature free, and asserts itself every moment of our lives, and every little act that we do is a result of three conjoint forces—our free will, our character, and our fate. The simile of the magnet would imply that man is merely a bundle of tendencies, and indeed the doctor says explicitly that it is man's character that constitutes his free will, which is putting the cart before the horse. He is his tendencies, his character plus his will which is free by birthright. According to the nature of his Karma and the character generated by it, this will obtains a wider or narrower field for its play and, though character thus determines to some extent its activity, it does not create it, but on the other hand is created by it. The argument therefore that the minutest workings of the human will are determined, and that consequently it is not free, falls to the ground. Man's will is free and much freer than the blind force which manifests itself in the physical universe.

Here the determinist will ask, 'What right have you to place man on an exceptional footing? Do you not offend against the all-pervading principle of unity that governs the world?' We answer that the unity underlying the constitution of the world leaves abundant scope for manifoldness, for it is essentially unity in diversity, and embraces an infinite variety of stages in manifestation, and that it is not we that place man on a higher pedestal, but he is so placed by Nature herself by the very fact of self-consciousness or egoism which in Vedântic parlance is called Ahankara. As Ferrier has so rightly observed, 'Man alone has the capacity to look into himself, and consciousness or ego is his distinguishing feature... The lower animals, though endowed with reason as in building nests, &c., do not know that they exist. Man alone lives this double life—to exist and to be conscious of existence, to be rational and to know that he is so. Animals are wanting in consciousness or self-reference,

because conscience, morality, responsibility, &c., based on it are absent in them.'

This consciousness, or rather self-consciousness, gives man a much greater scope than the magnet. It gives him a larger tether and, what is more, always keeps telling him that he is free. As Swâmi Vi-vekânanda says, 'This curious fact you cannot relinquish, your actions, your very lives will be lost without it, this idea of freedom, that we are free. Every moment we are proved by nature to be slaves, and not free, yet simultaneously rises the other idea, still I am free. Every step we are knocked down as it were by Maya and shown that we are bound, and yet the same moment, together with this blow, together with this feeling that we are bound, comes the other feeling that we are free. Something inside tells us that we are free.' The idea of freedom is involved in self-consciousness. Had Dr. Paul Carus used the word 'self-consciousness' instead of 'sentiment' in the sentence, 'Were the magnet endowed with sentiment and gifted with speech it would say, "I am free and of my free will I point toward the north,"' he would have been in our opinion correct. The idea 'I am free' is co-ordinate with self-consciousness, and refuses to die so long as egoism lasts; hence it is ranked with the latter by the Vedânta as one of the essential principles (Tatwas) in the soul, the Jivatman. It has been well observed, 'We are placed in charge of ourselves by the fact of self-consciousness.' When man by bad Karma descends to the lower rungs in the ladder of life and becomes, say, a plant or stone, self-consciousness disappears, and with its disappearance the will degenerates into blind force, devoid of the power of conscious choice between alternatives which constitutes what in man is free will.

The doctrine of free will is, however, only the exoteric doctrine of the Vedânta. For free will depends on self-consciousness or Ahankara, false individuality, the destruction of which is the one lesson of the Upanishads. The individual soul, Jivatman, is really a figment of nescience (Maya) and when it realises its falsity and loses itself like a river in the sea into the one Reality (एकमवाद्वितीयता), in other words, when the truth of such sayings as, 'O Svetaketu, that art thou,' 'the self is all this,' and the like is realised, the individual will disappears and with it its freedom and its bondage. This oneness (adwaitam), this bhûma (the Infinite), where one sees nothing else, hears nothing else, understands nothing else (Ch. Up. VIII. xxiv. 1) is beyond the reach of sight or speech or thought

न तत्र च क्षुर्गच्छति न त्रागच्छति नो मनः (Ken. Up. I. 3.)

and could hardly be described in terms of Will or Force, for all these more or less involve the idea of duality, and are expression more nearly allied to the phenomenal world than to the Noumenon. Again, even in the phenomenal plane, the world, as we

see it, is nothing but an extension of the Brahman, as there can be nothing outside the Infinite, and all the actions in it are therefore really the actions of God. So says Thayumanavar, 'Every thing is Thy property O God; everything is Thy doing ; Thou pervadest' the whole universe.' In another place he says, 'There is nothing which is my doing, as the state of "I" is impossible without "Thee".' So says the Upanishad, 'He who dwelling in the mind is within the mind, whom the mind does not know, whose body is the mind, who from within rules the mind, is thy Soul, the Inner Ruler, immortal' (*Bri. Up.* III. VII). The esoteric doctrine, so to speak, of the Vedānta is therefore neither that of free will nor that of fatalism. It is that whatever is done is really the doing of the Antaryamin, 'the Inner Ruler immortal,' and that not an atom can move except at His bidding, for there is nothing outside Him. The realisation and the consistent following out of this truth in practical life are not however so easy as might appear, for there is our *Ahankara*, egoism, always asserting itself, and pretending to be the sovereign lord of the universe. But when this egoism is subdued and the will which fancied itself to be free is surrendered, miraculous are the results which follow, a truth so beautifully presented in the Draupadi Vastrapaharanam scene in the Mahabarata. To be able to say at all times and in all the situations of life, 'O God, Thy will be done' is really a privilege, and it will gradually deliver man from the thraldom of Maya.

'Our wills are ours, we know not how;
Our wills are ours, to make them Thine.'—

these lines of Tennyson represent correctly the first two phases of thought, and the third and the last is that in which the ours and Thine both alike disappear, and which is glorified by the great Yagnavalkya, who says to his wife,

तदा एतदक्षरं गार्यदृष्टुश्रुतं श्रोत्रमते मन्त्रविद्वातं विज्ञा-
तुनान्यदतोस्तिद्व दृष्टुनान्यदतोस्ति श्रोतुनान्यदतोस्तिमन्तुनान्यद-
तोस्ति विद्वात्रेतस्मिन्नुख्यक्षरे गार्यकाश ओतश्चप्रोतश्चेति ॥

'Oh Gargi ! this immutable One is the unseen Seer, the unheard Hearer, the unthought Thinker, the unknown Knower ; there is no seer beside This, no hearer beside This, no thinker, no knower beside This. In this immutable One, oh dear Gargi ! is interwoven the *ākāsa* (the last essence of all existence).' 'Be thou only my instrument' said the Lord to Arjuna (*Gita* XI. 33.)

(Is Vedanta Pessimistic?

BY
SWAMI VIVEKANANDA.

In reply to this question put to him at the Harvard University, the Swami said, "All the criticism against the Vedanta philosophy can be summed up in this :—that it

does not conduce to sense enjoyments : and we are glad to admit that....."

"The Vedanta system begins with tremendous pessimism and ends with real optimism. We deny the sense-optimism, but assert the real optimism of the super-sensual. Real happiness is not in the sense, but above the senses and it is in every man. The sort of optimism which we see in the world is what will lead to ruin through the senses.

"Abnegation has the greatest importance in our philosophy. Negation implies affirmation of the real self. Vedanta is pessimistic so far as it negates the world of the senses, but it is optimistic in its assertion of the real world."

Seekers after God.

III. S'R'I A'LAWANDA'R THE VAISHNAVITE SAGE.

Few lives are more interesting from a biographical point of view than the one we are now writing, or afford a more striking proof of the Divine Grace which attends us all through the journey of life, though in our ignorance and perversity we do not always perceive it, and safely conducts us to our common goal. Moments there are in almost everybody's life, when the dullness of our vision, now blind to spiritual light as the eyes of an owl are to that of the day, lessens a little, and the sunshine of Divine Grace reveals itself unmistakeably, and we are filled with joy and wonder and awe at the nearness we are in to the angust Presence (Sannidhāna) of the Deity. But soon Maya asserts herself and draws veil after veil over the divine light, until it totally disappears from view as the sun in the winter, and we are hurled back into our everyday life of salt and tamarind. It was not so, however, with Alawandar. The voice of God spoke to him, and from that moment he became a changed man. Earthly associations, earthly concerns, earthly joys and sorrows lost their hold on him, and he lived, though on earth, yet in heaven. This heaven, however, he did not jealously keep to himself, but was anxious to share with others, and his endeavours to make it palatable to men of grosser tastes have given him a high place in the line of Vaishnavite teachers (Guru parampara). The particular school of Vedantic philosophy known as Visishtadwaitam or qualified monism which was founded by his successor, Sri Ramanuja, owes much to him, and to it he was in a measure what Sri Gaudapada was to the Adwaitic school founded by his disciple Sri Sankaracharya.

Alawandiar, or rather Yāmunacharya, for that was his first name, was born about 1150 A.D. at Madura, then the capital of the Pandyan kingdom. His father was Iswara Muni, the son of the great Nathamuni Swami. When he was only some ten years old his father died. He was put to school in the usual course, and from the very beginning discovered unusual precocity of intellect, and his teacher Bhāshyacharya and his relatives rejoiced that his distinguished grand-father was reborn in him. In every class he studied in, he was the monitor, and he was often left in charge of the school. He is said to have mastered all the Sastras before he was twelve years old. In his twelfth year, there happened an event which all at once made him a king. It so happened that one day the teacher, Bhāshyacharya, had to go out on business, and so he left the school in charge of this boy-

prodigy and went out. When Yāmunacharya was busy teaching the classes and managing the school, there came there in search of his teacher a messenger from a celebrated pundit of the time who was known by the high sounding appellation of Vidwajana Kolāhala. This Kolāhala was a terror of all the scholars in the kingdom, and there was not one of them who had not been challenged by him and defeated. He was under the special patronage of the Pandyan king, and had been rewarded by the latter with palanquins, umbrellas, shawls, bracelets and a considerable retinue. Puffed up with self-conceit, he had issued an edict to all who pretended to know anything of Sanskrit, ordering them to pay a certain sum of money every year by way of tribute. The poor pundits had no other go than to obey the order, and the tribute system had been going on for a number of years. Bhāshyacharya, the teacher of the boy Yāmuna, was one of the tribute-payers, and owing to some pecuniary difficulties his tribute had fallen into arrears, and Kolāhala sent a messenger to demand it of him.

The boy Yāmuna asked the messenger who he was and what the purpose of his visit. The messenger replied "I come from him who is the lion of poets, the prince of scholars, the terror of pundits, him who is to all that are learned what a wolf is to sheep, what fire is to a heap of straw, what Garuda is to serpents, him whom all the world glorifies as Vidwajana Kolāhala." "That is all right," said the boy, affecting a tone of disdain, "What does your man want of our great teacher?" "My man!" replied the messenger, "Yes, your master's master wants of his slave, your master, the tribute he owes." Yāmuna replied, "Tell your man not to be so impudent. Let him know how to behave towards his betters. Bhāshyacharya is not the man to pay tribute to self-conceited fools," and sent him away. Shortly after, the teacher came to the school, and on learning what happened, cried in despair, "I am undone and my family is ruined. If Kolāhala hears this, he will report it to the king. I shall be challenged to a debate with him, and my head will be off. Yāmuna, Yāmuna, you have ruined me. By your boyish conduct I am undone. I was a fool to have left the school in the care of a boy." Yāmunnacharya comforted him saying, "O sir, fear not. If he challenge you for a debate, I shall go for you and defeat him. Please do not get anxious on that account. I am sure I can defeat that conceited man."

In the meanwhile the court pundit's messenger had reported him all that occurred in the school, and the latter, getting exceedingly angry, obtained the king's permission to challenge Bhāshyacharya, who, when he received the invitation to debate, fell almost senseless on the ground. Yāmūnaryā comforted him, and accepted the challenge on his account, and sent word that, as it was unworthy of so great a scholar as Bhāshyacharya to go in person for a debate with Kolāhala, he, Yāmūnaryā, a student of the former, was prepared to engage in a discussion, if invited to the court with the honors due to a pundit, and that otherwise the debate might be held in the school and Kolāhala might come over there.

This message was duly conveyed to the king and the court-pundit. The former, on hearing that the age of the boy was only twelve, was not so treating it as serious, but looked upon it as a piece of boyish impertinence and desired to punish him for it. The queen, who at that time happened to be by him, said, however, "Who knows what the boy may be able to accomplish? A spark of fire is enough to destroy a mountain-like heap of cotton. We do not know what serpent may be in what anthill. Let us not therefore be hasty. We shall examine the boy, and if he be found to have played with us, we shall then

punish him. Meanwhile let him be invited to the court with due-honors." The king agreed to the proposal, as it appeared reasonable, and sent a palanquin and an umbrella to the school boy—this was the way in which pundits were honored in those days—and soon Yāmūnaryā was on his way to the court, mounted on the palanquin and honored by the umbrella; all the school boys followed him and a man specially appointed for the purpose beat before him proclaiming in the streets, "The marvellous Yāmūnaryā is coming, leave the way. The lion of poets is coming, leave the way. The master of all the Sastras Tarka (Logic) Vyakarna (Grammar) and the Mimensas included, is coming, leave the way. Woe to him that dares debate with him." The boy proceeded through the street in such pompous fashion, and naturally a large crowd of men and boys followed him.

On seeing him the king laughed convulsively, and, addressing his queen, said, "This boy to debate with our Kolāhala! a jackal may as well fight with an elephant! I have never seen fun like this." The queen intently looked at the boy and said, "My lord, you are mistaken, I am sure the boy will gain the day; his face tells me that; there is a brightness in it which I have not seen elsewhere. Not merely this Kolāhala, but even if it be his grandfather's grandfather I am sure the boy will defeat him."

King:—Yes, if a mad horse could cross a river. A calf might more easily kill a lion than this child defeat our court pundit,

Queen:—I am sure it is a bad day for poor Kolāhala. The victory is already the boy's. Scholarship and genius do not depend on age. If years were the standard, there is many a broken mad wall much older than us all.

King:—Why do you prattle in this fashion. You will see that the boy is defeated at the very outset. If he so get defeated what will you give me?

Queen:—Yes, if he is so defeated, I will become your slaves' slave.

King:—Foolish woman! who would venture to cross the ocean on a mud boat? You speak thoughtlessly. If this boy defeats the pundit, I shall give him half of my kingdom.

Meanwhile Yāmūnaryā waited to pay his respects to the king, and on the latter turning to him, saluted him in the most dignified fashion, and took his seat opposite to Kolāhala. With the king's permission, the pundit, addressing the boy said, "I am sorry for your impudence, which however is excusable as you are a child. What exactly do you want with me?"

Yāmūnaryā replied, "I want you to argue with me on any subject you like before this royal court. I warn you out of kindness not to be self-conceited, as you are sure to be defeated by me to-day."

P:—You to defeat me! A dog may as well catch the moon, silly child.

Y:—Aehtavakra was only a silly child when he defeated Vandin, who was like yourself puffed up with conceit, and threw him into the water. Do you know the story, you learned man?

P:—What an impudent lad this! Have you mastered the alphabet? Do you know how to read? Can you write your name without a mistake? You to debate with me! A cat may more easily overpower a lion.

Y:—A little spark of fire can burn away a huge heap of straw. A lion's whelp though young, can kill an ele-

phant. A chisel, though small, can break rocks to pieces. A drop of butter milk curdles a potful of milk. A little poison is enough to kill a number of men. Was Agastya, who drank off the ocean, tall or short? Is this what you have learnt, to judge me by years? People used to say you are learned! Proceed to the business.

The pundit then put him several test questions in logic, grammar, &c., but, finding that he was too great a match for him, said, " You are a child. So I will no longer trouble you with intricate questions from the S'astras. It is unfair, like putting a paliyra fruit on the head of a swallow. So I am not for it. You had better propose questions yourself, and I shall answer them. Yâmnarya felt the advantage he had gained over his adversary, and said, " How merciful you are! how kind! You had not, however, the prudence to say this at the very outset. Had you done so, you might have saved yourself all the trouble that you took to find questions for me and the mortification you suffered from their being readily answered. No matter however, I shall gladly do as you propose. I shall make three affirmative statements. If you succeed in denying them I will acknowledge your success and my defeat. If not, you must acknowledge your defeat. Do you agree to this condition?" The king said that the condition was a fair one, nay, advantageous to the pundit, and the latter also agreed. But what was his surprise when the questions came?

First question:—We say your mother, O pundit, is not a barren woman. Can you deny this?

The pundit long thought over the matter, but found no means of refuting it. " My mother a barren woman!" he reflected, " then how was I born? To deny the statement will be to expose myself to the ridicule of all the people here. Silence would be much better than that" and so kept quiet. His jaws were fallen and he hung down his head with shame. " Why do you not reply?" asked Yâmnarya, but the pundit did not open his mouth, and there was a general but subdued acclamation from the miscellaneous audience that had assembled there.

M. RANGANATHA SASTRI.

(To be continued.)

Kumaun—in the Himalayas.

An ocean of solid earth lashed into fury, as it were, by some primeval cyclone, and held in suspense ever afterwards, rigid, petrified and unyielding, so far as the eyes extend; on all sides tier after tier—in silent eternal competition vying to outreach one another, till towards the North they burst forth triumphant, cloud-belted, snow-armoured, their heads touching the very vanit of heaven, masses and masses of solid shining silver except near the edges where the sunrise and sunset bring out the brightest gold. Here, in the midst of this icy vast, where not a blade of grass can grow, not an animal live, ensphriued in the heart of this complete and almost frightening silence—Siva lives—He whose outstretched matted-hair is the sky, in which even the milky way gets lost as a drop in an ocean—the snow-bodied, who is the *Sthambha*, the pillar that upholds the heaven and earth, whose fittest and *anûdi* (eternal) emblem (*lingam*) is the heaven-supporting Himalaya—the great renouncer—the great yogi, wrapped in eternal *samâdhi*—*Apta-kama*, having no desires for himself; He lives for *Jagaddhitya*—for the good of the world absorbed in meditation. With Him also lives—part of his body and soul—the

golden Uma—the Ishani—the ruler of the Universe—the embodiment of the active energy of the silent King of Yogis—the daughter of king Himalaya, whose sight gave Indrahood to Indra, whose shadow paints upon the colorless white Siva the panorama of the Universe, the Kali, the eternal time, the Ambica, the Universal Mother.)

Beyond lies the lake which has been compared to the mind of the Creator—the Manasa-Sarovara,—where poets dream of shining-blue lotuses, reflecting, as it were, Uma's large and beautiful eyes, where the golden swans abound, living on lotus-stems, gently gliding on the mirror-like surface of the lake, or raised by gentle breezes on tops of little wavelets and passed on from lotus to lotus, which has made the poet compare the Lord Himself to the swan that floats on the waveless mud-lake of yogis in meditation—Muui-Jana-Manasa-Hansa.

This is Kimpurushavarsa, or Kurmanchal, in modern jargon Kumaun; the land of the Kimpurushas—or Kianaras—horse-headed human beings, whose forte was in singing. Whether their equine vocal productions will be transporting to us of the present day or not, cannot be surmised, but that a portion of them has been handed down to our Kalawats of the present day, especially of Mahomedan persuasion, there can be little doubt. Of course in these dark days of Kali-Yuga and utter disbelief, the Kianaras have vanished altogether; neither do the people who have inherited their possessions have much musical talent; yet they sing all the time, sing when they work, sing when they walk, sing singly, sing in hands—singing to the accompaniment of the *Hudka*, a *damaruk*, seems to be the chief enjoyment here.

Here as elsewhere in India, the first thing one notices is the curious medley of races, so mixed up yet so separate. Besides the few remnants of the Orockthones (so far as now can be known) living still in a wild state, there are the pre-Hindu aborigines, called Domes here, differing very little from the Hindus who came from the plains in form and feature—except in complexion, they being as a rule darker than the Hindus—and plying the trades of carpenters, blacksmiths, &c.; these, though Hindus in religion, are not considered as such by the other Hindus, who have arrogated the name to themselves alone; and the Domes do not wear the *Dvija* thread. As in other parts of Northern India, here too the sign of a man of the lowest caste is that water touched by him should not be drunk by the higher castes. Yet, the Domes have a very strong feeling of pride of their own caste; and a Brahman of Almora, who fell in love with a Dome girl, had a hard time to get admission into the caste of the Domes by marriage.

There are then the Bhutias, inhabiting the very Northernmost parts of the country, near the snows, carrying the trade between India and Tibet. In summer, when the passes are practicable, they cross through snow to the Tibetan side, their goods being carried on backs of goats and *Shabbars*, a species of bullock raised by crossing the yak with the Indian cow. Before autumn they return, and as the winter advances, they move down to warmer regions and come in contact with the Hindu population of the lower ranges to sell the salt, borax, yak's tails, and other things they bring from Tibet in exchange for Indian productions, chiefly food-grains.

Tibet is called by the Himalayan people the land of Huns, Han-des and its people Hunias. The Bhutias appear to be a mixture of Indian and Tibetan, but they lay claim to be Kshatriyas, and are good Hindus to all intents and purposes. Moreover they are thrifty and industrious, and many of them are very well off. The mass of the

people are called Zemindars, not in the sense in which the word is used in Northern India, but it means only cultivators. These also claim to be of Kshatriya descent, wear the sacred thread, but they differ from the Brahmins and Banyas of Kumaun in this, that their widows remarry and divorce is legal, of course the new husband has to pay the old one the sum of money that he had to spend in getting the wife. Most of the people here have to pay a certain sum to the bride's people to get a wife, and women being quite as hard workers in the fields as men, it is very profitable for a cultivator to possess several wives if he can afford it.

Almora having been the capital of Kumaun during the Hindu Raj, the best people of castes other than that of the Zemindars are to be found here. The Brahmins of Almora are well known for their intelligence and public spirit. Most of them are the descendants of Brahmins who were brought over by the family of Rajas who ruled Kumaun for some hundred years and who also came from the plains. Next come the Banyas, who, though they are better off than the Brahmins in material possessions, are beaten in intellectual competition by them, not that they lack in power but merely through their own laziness. On the other hand these are very different from the Banyas of the plains. Simple and honest and confiding to a degree, it is oftener that they are being taken advantage of than taking advantage of others. The family of Thulghurias are the representative Banyas of the country, and their head, Lala Badri Sha, is simply an angel, whose one aim in life is to do good to others.

The dress of the villagers is the Indian dhoti with a short tunic and a skull-cap. They go bare-feet all seasons even when the snow lies deep on the ground. The town people wear the Nepalese dress.

In food, the customs mentioned in the Dharma-Shastras are more observed here than in any other part of India. All the castes here, as in almost all over Northern India, are meat-eaters, and in eating flesh-food, they almost follow to the letter the directions of the shastras. In this they are nearer to the people of Bengal. All the people who eat meat west of Allahabad and in Southern India, as a rule, eat the flesh of goats and sheep and fowls. Most of them also eat wild boars when they can get them. In Punjab and in parts of Southern India, they also eat the domestic pig—the Punjabees holding pork as a necessity for a good Hindu, owing perhaps to their enmity with the Mahomedans. The Himalayan people and the people of Bengal, on the other hand, scrupulously avoid the domestic fowl and pig—and, in eating goats and sheep, they avoid the animals killed by the butchers, and accept only the flesh of those that have been offered to Devi. As to wild fowls and game of all sorts, including venison and wild sheep, the mountaineers have no objection whatsoever. Onions and garlic being forbidden in the Shastras, the people here avoid them on all occasions; but they have found a substitute in a sort of wild leek, which not being mentioned in the Shastras, they take the benefit of the doubt on the positive side and use a great deal in their cooking. Being inhabitants of a colder region, their desire for the flesh-not surpasses anything that is seen in the plains; for instance, it is a common practice here to kill a young goat, hold it over a blazing fire a few minutes till the hair is all burnt off the skin, cut it up skin and all, and eat it with a little pepper and salt; this they think is one of their best dishes.

HISTORY.

The history of Kumaun before its occupation by the Chands and their followers is enveloped in total darkness.

The ruins here and there to be met with in the forest popular tradition attributes to a period anterior to the Chand rajas; and a comparison between the beautifully executed statuettes in the old temples with the ugly ones of the Chand period, point to a period when Kumaun was much more populous and prosperous and civilized than it ever has been afterwards. The Chands ruled about a thousand years, and then the Kingdom passed over to the Nepalese at the beginning of the present century, from whom the British took it. A descendant of the old family still lives in Almora unrecognized by any one.

RELIGION; THE SPIRIT-KING OF KUMAUN.

(To be continued.)

A TRAVELLER IN THE HIMALAYAS.

Some reasons for the Superiority of the Vedanta philosophy over other systems.

It will be my attempt in this short paper to indicate some of the distinctive merits of the Vedānta philosophy which have secured for it an eternal vitality and undoubtedly superiority to other systems of religious philosophy some at least of which, it is well known, have been roughly handled by modern science.

Firstly. The Vedānta alone makes out that the soul of man known as the Ātman is quite different from and superior to his mind or intellect, while western philosophers never got beyond mind and attributed to it qualities which really belong to the Ātman.

Secondly. The Vedāntic conception of Salvation (Moksha) is a very lofty one. While other religions promise a happy future of which man can know nothing, the Vedānta says that liberation can be obtained even while in this world and encased in the 'mortal coil.' Besides, when emancipation is once attained, there is no return, as is the case with the Moksha of the Nyayees, to the miseries of conditioned existence. Once free, ever free is the motto of the Vedānta.

Thirdly. The doctrine of Māya, which is so highly abstruse and hence apt to be misunderstood and mis-criticised and which has indeed been called the 'weak point' of the Vedānta, is the highest truth in philosophy that has been discovered by man. It is now beginning to be understood and appreciated in the west, in the light of the teachings of Kant, and Schopenhauer. In the reply to a letter of mine, Dr. Duesen, the well-known German philosopher writes: "Whatever may or may not be the opinion of _____ the greatest truth of all the Indian philosophy is that this world is Māya—a mere illusion. It agrees wonderfully with the best that occidental philosophy has produced. Rāmānuja and others are unworthy accommodations to the empirical stand-point". These are the words of a great man who has devoted his life to the study of this philosophy. The Vedānta says that the world is a mere dream, implying thereby that it has no real and permanent existence. The very same truth has been established, though by a different method, in modern times. Kant, who has revolutionized western philosophy has proved that the whole world is contained within these three forms of thought, viz., time, space, and causality. A thing must exist in time and space and must be the cause or effect of some other thing. These are therefore the three ultimate categories to which all the

phenomena of the world could be reduced. Now, time, space, and causality had been considered by all philosophers before Kant to have an objective existence. But Kant detected the fallacy of this position and proved that time, space, and causality are merely the subjective forms of the intellect, that is, they exist only in the mind. For the proofs of this conclusion I refer the reader to Dr. Duessen's 'Elements of Metaphysics.' Now, since time, space, and causality are simply subjective forms of mind and they cover all the phenomena in the outward world, the whole world is necessarily in the mind and has in itself no objective existence. This is what is meant by calling the world a dream and this why Dr. Duessen says that the doctrine of Maya wonderfully agrees with the best that occidental philosophy has produced. In the short space at my disposal I cannot dilate further upon the subject and I refer the reader for further information to the above mentioned book of the learned doctor.

Fourthly. The Vedânta philosophy shows that the relation between man and God is far closer and more intimate than that set forth by any other system. It establishes the identity of the human soul with the supreme soul and thus inculcates a higher code of morality.

यस्तु सर्वाणि भूतान्यात्मन्ये वा नुपश्यते
सर्वभूतेषु चात्मानं ततो न विजुगुप्सते ।
यस्मिन् सर्वाणि भूतान्यात्मवा भूद्विजानतः
तत्र कोमोहः कः शोकः एकत्वमनुपश्यतः ॥

"Whoever beholds all beings in his own self and his own self in all beings does not look down upon any creature. When a man perceives the unity and realises that all beings are his own self (of the soul) then there is no delusion and no grief for him." What higher morality than this can there be and what higher basis for it than the one here stated?

Fifthly. Another distinguishing feature of the Vedânta is its doctrine of reincarnation, which offers a solution to several problems of life which have been the despair of Western thinkers. It is said by some Western scholars that the doctrine does not find a place in the Vedas. The reply, showing the untenability of their position, has been given by me in the Brahmanavadin, to which I draw the attention of your readers.

Sixthly. The doctrine of Karma which forms an integral part of the Vedânta has been rightly pronounced to be a self-evident truth. "As you will sow, so will you reap," holds good not only in the physical world but has an equal significance in the moral world. Every thought and every conscious act of yours gives rise in you to tendencies which affect your life here or hereafter.

Seventhly. The Vedânta Philosophy sets forth a very high and noble ideal of God. It is no personal God with which the other religions are contented. To the Vedântin personal God is a lower Being altogether (Iswara). His God is a purely impersonal one. The Brahman which he seeks to realise is eternal existence, bliss and knowledge.

Eighthly. Another unique character of the Vedânta consists in its being both a religion and a philosophy. It can satisfy at once a Thomas à Kempis and a Huxley! This cannot be said of any other system of philosophy.

KANNOOMAL, B.A.

A man that is of judgment and understanding shall sometimes hear ignorant men differ, and know well within himself that those which so differ mean one thing, and yet they themselves would never agree.—Bacon.

Saved and Lost.

One of the most excellent of a number of good stories told at the Chicago Parliament of Religions was given by a Russian Representative. A woman of very bad character, a thief, a cheat, and of generally evil repute, was dying, and on her death bed was frightened at the prospect of what might follow. Though she had had, during a long life of evil doing, no thought of religion or of God, yet now she began to cry loudly, and yet more loudly, to God to have mercy on her. So much did she cry that at last she attracted the attention of the Angel Gabriel, who came to see what the matter might be. "Oh Sir," said the woman, "what am I to do?" "What is the matter?" asked the angel. "Sir, all my life I have done not one good thing, and now, I am about to die. What will become of me?" "Is there not one good act of which you can remember? Think," replied the angel. After much thought the woman remembered that when she was a young woman she was almost starving, and found a carrot, which was the only food she had had for two days. As she was about to eat it, another woman, as badly off as herself, came to her, begging. Though it was contrary to her usual nature, the carrot was divided between them. This incident the dying woman apologetically related to the angel, who replied—"Hold on to that carrot and it will save you." The woman did hold on, and presently died. As she was being drawn up to heaven by the carrot, many others who had died after leading a life as evil as her own began to cling to her, in the hopes of sharing her escape. At that she got jealous and cried out, "Get off; the carrot is mine." That instant the carrot broke, and she fell back into the place of torment.

Thus, though one small deed of unselfishness had been sufficient to outweigh her bad karma, her selfishness undid, in a moment, the previous good.

He who has not conquered his self (selfishness) is his own enemy (Gita VI. 6).

'Release and bondage,' says the Sruti, 'both depend on the two ideas 'me and mine.'

J. J. G.

The Beach.

(Continued from page 22.)

"No, no, they (children) are not barriers, so long as they do not occupy that place in our heart which we should allot to the Power we call God, that Eternal and Great Being—the greatest of all existing things, for by definition everything is under the control of God. As the maid servant of a wealthy man nurses the children of her master, and acts as a second mother to them, chastising them if they do anything wrong, coaxing and caressing them to sleep, and doing sundry other motherly services to them, but all the while knowing that the children are not hers but her master's; so if a man or woman look upon his or her children as the children of God and that he or she is simply a servant employed by God for their sake, then there will be no bondage. All things will go on smoothly." This was my reply.

The other asked, "But then why should your God create pain, sorrow, anguish, folly, ignorance and all such things at all. As you say that your God is Almighty, He could easily do away with all those nasty things and make this world a place of incessant bliss. There is no necessity of teaching through the process of flogging."

To this I replied, "You may hate pain, sorrow, anguish, folly, ignorance, etc., but, of course, you love pleasure, jollity, enjoyment, knowledge and all such good things. Don't you?"

"There is no doubt about it," was the quick reply.

"Well, my dear sir," said I, "there can be no pleasure without pain, no knowledge without ignorance."

"Strange! How can that be?" questioned he.

To which I replied, "Just imagine one incessant course of uniform pleasure without any break; since by the hypothesis there is no break in the uniform course, you won't be able to compare your present state of happiness with any intermediate state, and in that case you will not be able to know whether that state is a happy state or not, for we think ourselves happy when we compare our state of happiness with a previous state of inferior happiness, i.e., happiness mingled with a little bit of pain, and the greater the pain you feel, the greater the enjoyment of happiness you will get in return, for by comparison alone you will come to know how miserable you were and how happy now you are. A hungry man relishes his food much more than one who has not so much hunger. Similar is the case with knowledge and ignorance. You can only know that you are more learned when you compare notes with your past school career. So you see that if you want to enjoy bliss, the pleasure of knowledge and all such good things, you will have to take pain, ignorance, etc., along with them too. Pleasure and pain are the two sides of the same thing. You cannot take pleasure without pain, nor pain without pleasure. Therefore your idea of a world where there is perpetual, intense and uniform happiness, falls to the ground."

"But do they not tell of a place called Heaven where Indra reigns? And is that not full of bliss perennial? How can you account for that? Do you believe that your Scripturss simply imagine some false impossibilities?" inquired he.

"Why—no. Those who share in the bliss of Heaven, remember their past miseries in the world, and because they have the previous experiences of great miseries they can supremely enjoy the pleasures of Heaven by comparing them with their past miserable lives in the Earth." Such was my reply, at which he turned the course of our talk by saying, "Very well. Let us return to our old question. You said God is the combination of all that resists our desire and by so doing leads us. It is a sort of antipower as regards ourselves, which is ever free and therefore almighty and always resisting without being resisted. Has that power any intelligence? Can it feel as we do?" To this my answer was, "Look into the workings of that Energy. Are they not orderly and regular? Can order and regularity come out of non-intelligence? Look at the flowers. How tastefully they are made! Look at the beauties of Nature. How sweetly they are spread before you for your enjoyment! Can they proceed from a Being that has neither feeling nor taste? Look at your own Self. You are nothing but as the Power is making you. It is gradually lifting you up from the lowly basement of ignorance to the exalted pinnacle of knowledge. It is making you more and more unselfish, more and more noble, more and more intelligent, more and more pious, as you grow more and more old. If you dive deep into the workings of this Power, you will gradually see that It is really bringing you up with a thousand times more care and love than what your parents can command."

At this he asked, "How can that be, since this power resists my desire, whereas my parents love me and readily give me whatever I ask of them?" At

this I questioned him in return, "Do your parents not resist you too, when your desires tend towards evil? The senses are the causes of our desire. Unless those desires be checked, we shall be led hither and thither by the senses, which are always misleading, for they confirm us in our error of seeing as permanent, things which are impermanent. So you see that by checking desires, errors are checked. Is that not a great benefit? By timely resistance from this Power we are brought to a proper sense of our real position."

"But," replied he, "the Scriptures attribute to the Power we are speaking of, which you call God, many beautiful male and female forms. How can you account for that? As far as I have understood you, that Power can have no such form, or, if It has any, it is the whole universe. The whole universe is the body of that infinite Power. It cannot be called either male or female, but males and females and all things proceed from It".

"Well, I see you have hit upon the universal Form of the Lord," I replied, "but did I not tell you that that Power is a thousand times more loving than your parents, and is the repository of all sorts of powers and that there is none to resist It? This being the case, and it being the more natural, the more easy and more attractive for us to know It as our own dearest, most beautiful, most loving and nearest of all friends and relatives in the universe, we naturally look upon It as such and It becomes the most loving He or She, at least for our sake, for, what is impossible for an Almighty, All-merciful and All-loving Power? So you see He (henceforth we should not call Him It) cannot be altogether unknown and unknowable. His very loving and kind nature disproves this. When those spotless, pure children of Nature, the Sages and Rishis of yore, ardently desired to see their unseen Father, their unseen Mother that was supplying them with all their little wants, was keeping them from all unforeseen dangers, was decorating their Sylvan abodes with exquisitely beautiful and divinely fragrant flowers, was entertaining them daily with the melodies poured forth from the throats of Nature's sweet choristers, the gaudily-dressed and clear-voiced merry denizens of the air, that Father or that Mother could not conceal Himself or Herself longer and appeared before them as Brahma, Vishnu or Siva, as Saraswati, Lakshmi or Durga. So you see our Scriptures are nothing but a record of Divine grace poured forth at different times on different fortunate and pure-hearted individuals. These men are the authors of our Scriptures. They knew something of God, and what they knew they recorded for the benefit of posterity."

The friend replied, "Well, it may be, if your God is really loving and kind. In that case I cannot deny that, although I have much doubt about His loving kindness. But to return: you just now said that desires lead men to error. So according to you therefore, the giving up of desire is the best means to escape from the grip of error." To this I answered, "Yes. Moreover if you have no desire you will not experience any resistance from the hand of God. A permanent peace will be established between God and yourself, i.e., your interest will be blended with the interest of God. Your ideas will be His ideas and vice versa, i.e., you will lose your own self in His self, as a river loses itself in the ocean."

By this time the Sun had lifted himself up a considerable way above the horizon and was sending over us some of his lusty rays through the branches of the trees to remind us that we should go home and take upon ourselves the shares of our daily duties. Thus we departed.

A SANYASI.

The Glory of Mental Worship (Ma'nasa Pu'ja.)

Arjuna was fond of making long and ostentatious puja (worship) to God. He would every day throw cartloads of flowers at the feet of Siva's image, and conduct worship with great ceremony in a spacious hall reserved for the purpose and lit up with numberless lights. He would use nothing but gold and silver vessels in the course of his puja and would spend hours in the external forms of worship. Bhima on the other hand never sat for making puja and did not appear even to go to the temple. All that he did was to close his eyes, as if for meditation, for a few minutes before dinner. Arjuna began, on account of this difference between them, to look down on his brother and think highly of his own piety and worship. Krishna, whose observation nothing escaped, noticed this, and, with a view to bring Arjuna to his senses, proposed to him in a cousinly fashion a trip to Mount Kailas, the abode of Siva. Arjuna suspecting nothing gladly consented, and the cousins were soon on their way up the Himalayas.

They had not gone far, when they met a man who was dragging a cart loaded to the full with flowers of various kinds. Arjuna asked the man where he was taking the flowers, but the man was so absorbed in his work that he did not even reply. "Let us follow the man and find out the thing for ourselves," said Krishna; and accordingly they followed him, but what was their surprise when they saw him empty the cart by the side of a huge heap of flowers, all half-faded as those in the cart, which was as big as a hill. They had not stood long observing the stranger, when they saw several hundreds of similar carts all loaded with flowers approach the same spot and empty their contents there. Arjuna's curiosity could no longer be controlled, and so he asked the men where those carts came from. None of them however deigned to reply, but, after repeated questioning, one man said, "Sir, pray do not disturb us, we have brought only five hundred carts of flowers and more than five hundred yet remain in the temple. They are the flowers with which one Bhima, a son of Pandu, worshipped our Lord yesterday, and now it is hardly two hours more for his to-day's puja, and we must remove all of them within that time, pray do not disturb us."

Arjuna's surprise knew no bounds, and to reassure himself he asked, "Is it Bhima or Arjuna that you speak of? My friend, I am afraid you make a mistake." The stranger replied "Pooh, Arjuna! not at all. It is Bhima that makes such glorious puja and not his brother Arjuna who merely makes a display of his worship." Just then there came there another man bearing a small basket of flowers, and Krishna addressing him asked, "Whence my friend these flowers? Whose offerings are they?" The man replied, "Oh they were offered yesterday by an ostentatious man who lives on earth, known as Arjuna." Arjuna hung down his head with shame and addressing Krishna said, "O, cunning man, why did you bring me here? Let us leave this place. You might have warned me of my self-conceit and ostentation at home and saved me all this labour and mortification. I confess I thought highly of my puja and regarded Bhima with a sort of foolish contempt: I now see that his short meditation before dinner is more valuable than all my showy worship." Krishna smiled and said nothing.

A RECLUSE.

Pitfalls in the Vedanta.

THE WORLD AN ILLUSION.

In the city of M— there once lived a Swamiar (sage) who, because he was supposed to live on milk and plantain fruits, was generally known as Milk Swami. He used to wander with a little bit of *garua* cloth about his loins, and everyday there used to gather round him a large number of men to whom he preached that the world was simply an illusion, that everything was false, and so on. One day, as he was very eloquently discoursing on the unreality of the universe, it so happened that the temple elephant got mad, and breaking the chains tied round its feet, furiously rushed towards the place where the right reverend Milk Swami was preaching. As soon as they saw the mad animal, his disciples deserted him in the middle of his discourse and fled away. The Swami also, in spite of his grand illusion theory, followed them, but the elephant, as if enraged at the Maya doctrine which he was preaching, pursued him unmindful of everyone else, and the poor man with his clean-shaven, 'round' head and dirty garua cloth—all that he had in the world—ran for life, and blinded by fear fell into a ditch. The elephant went as far as the brink of the deep ditch, and finding that its victim had passed beyond its reach, left him to his fate and took a different course.

After the danger was long past, the devoted disciples of the Swami approached the ditch and jeeringly said to him, 'You said that everything was illusion, was not then the elephant false? And knowing that, why did you fly before it and fall into the ditch?' The Swami replied, 'First raise me, my friends, from this nasty ditch, and then I shall answer your question.' They complied with his request and raised him from the ditch, but they all said in one voice, 'We will no longer give you milk and fruits, and, instead of calling you Milk Swami, we will in future call you Gutter Swami, for you acted contrary to your own teaching, and jumped into the gutter to escape an unreal elephant.' The Swami, finding himself safely raised to the ground coolly replied, 'My foolish friends, the elephant is an illusion; that it got mad is an illusion: that it pursued me is an illusion, that I fell into the ditch is an illusion and that you raised me is also an illusion. Every thing in the world is illusion.' The disciples applauded the answer and at once ordered a large supply of milk and fruits for the Swami. One of them, however, who was more intelligent than the rest said, 'Ab Swami, had you just told us all this when you were in the ditch, we would not have taken the trouble to raise you out of it,' and suddenly throwing him back into the gutter asked him if it was not a mere illusion that he had been again thrown into the gutter. The poor Swami could no longer comfortably stand on his illusion theory, for darkness was setting in and he was afraid of being left all the night in the nasty pit by his over-Vedantic disciples. He had to admit that the gutter at least was not illusory, but how to say that that alone was real while all the rest of the world was false? He plainly saw that he could no longer drive a profitable trade out of the illusion theory, and therefore withdrew it wholesale, crying at the top of his voice 'The elephant was real, its madness was real, the ditch is real and that you have thrown me into it a second time is also real', and begged his ex-disciples to raise him up.

Those who assert that the world is an illusion will have to suffer the fate of the Milk Swami. The fact is, the Vedanta does not say that the world is a mere illusion.

On the other hand it says that it is real, nay, that it is eternal. But its reality and eternality are only relative, for it exists and can exist only in and through Brahman, the changeless substance. When Brahman is realised, the world no longer exists, and until then it is a reality which no one can deny. We can call a dream a dream only after we awake, and similarly no man has the right to call the world an illusion, until he has realised the Brahman, until he has ceased to be man and become God.

True Greatness of Vasudeva Sastry.

By T. C. NATARAJAN.

CHAPTER X.

Poor Narayana Iyer was so horror-stricken at the state of things that he could hardly shout aloud. After three or four desperate attempts, the words 'Thief, thief, ho, ho,' which had on account of his fear stuck to his throat for so long a time, at last came out. The shout was much louder than what a conscious effort could have produced, and the result was a general commotion in the house, which rapidly extended outside. First the peons rose, then the inmates of the house, then the neighbours, then an adjacent police station. In the midst of the general confusion, Rukmani, with her hair dishevelled and her face expressive of fright, ran towards her father crying, 'He, He, your son-in-law. Your son-in-law,' and Narayana Iyer considerably terrified shouted in return, 'Son-in-law, what about him, what is the matter, murdered by the thief, what is the matter, what about him?' Rukmani sobbed out, 'He has left me and fled away.' 'What!' yelled out the poor father, 'I am undone. I am undone. I am undone, let me die' and fell down. People raised him up in their arms, but he freed himself and ran hither and thither shouting, 'thieves, thieves, my son-in-law, my cash-chest, my cash-chest, my son-in-law', and again fell down, this time nearly senseless. People ran upstairs, and downstairs, but neither Sreenivasan nor the Siddha nor the cash-box could be found. A few moments elapsed and some coolness came over the party. Narayana Iyer also regained his consciousness and rose a little calmer. The police were deliberating as to their plan of campaign, and all the men assembled poured a volley of abuses on the supposed Siddha and agreed in thinking that he was a rogue, a rascal, a black-guard, a thief and several other things of the same type. One man said, 'I knew from the very beginning that he was a humbug.' Another said that he was some vagabond. A third said, 'Did you see how he started at the sight of Vasudeva Sastry. Perhaps the latter knows all about him.' A fourth said, 'We should not talk ill of great men. The theft might have been committed by Sreenivasan. Both are joint thieves,' said another. While the people were thus busily engaged, it occurred to Narayana Iyer's mind that the treacherous Siddha might have fled on account of Vasudeva Sastry, whom he seemed to fear. It appeared probable to him that the latter might be in possession of some secret concerning him; 'but why did not the rascal tell me that or at any rate warn me?' muttered he to himself, and ordered a peon to bring the Sastry to him at once 'by the hair.'

When the peon came to Vasudeva Sastry's house, Annamal was snoring over her dirty pillow, while the Sastry was sitting cross-legged on a small plank in the narrow courtyard which formed a part of his narrow house, evidently in an attitude of meditation. His rishi-like face was, as usual in his hours of meditation, lit up

with a singular brightness and looked fresh like a lotus just blown. The world had completely ceased to exist for him, and in the Divine Light in which he had lost himself there were no thieves, no sons-in-law, no cash-chests and no Siddhas. It was all peace, peace, peace. A waveless ocean of indescribable bliss, vaster than all the seas on earth, vaster than the infinite expanse of the sky above, vaster than all the visible universe of stars, moons and suns, and yet neither vast nor small, for space there was not—this was what Vasudeva Sastry was, when Narayana Iyer's peon knocked with vehemence at the door of his house. In him thought had expired in the enjoyment and the enjoyment expired in the becoming and the becoming passed into being, so that there was there neither the thinker nor the enjoyer, neither thought nor enjoyment. Another knock at the gate, but no response; for both the inmates were busy. A third knock yet louder, and Annamal rose with a shout which startled the peon at the gate and made him lose his footing. She was dreaming that she had lost her way in a mountain pass filled with wolves and tigers, and climbed up a steep side of a rock where a false step hurled her down just against the mouth of a hungry tigress. The knock at the gate corresponded exactly with the jump of the furious tigress upon her and she woke up from her dream with a fearful yell which, more than the knock at the gate, disturbed her husband's *samadhi*. Annamal was considerably relieved to find that no tiger had taken hold of her, but, the moment she saw her husband sitting in the courtyard, she began to scold him saying, 'Vedânta (i.e., her husband) is sitting all night; it does not even sleep; it does not even open the door and see who it is that knocks at this hour.' So saying she opened the door and when the peon asked for her husband who had woken from the reality of his Self into the dream of the world but had not yet risen, she ran up to him and, shaking him by the shoulders as if he were a bag of brinjals shouted in his ear to the risk of his tympanum, 'Vedantam, Vedantam, rise up, sitting like a corpse, rise up.' Sastry said nothing, rose up, and in a few minutes was in Narayana Iyer's house.

The Deputy Collector, who was eagerly waiting for him, no sooner saw him than he began to scold him roundly for not having previously informed him of what happened. 'Why did you not tell me all this before?' asked the engaged Dewan Bahadur and added, 'You know what has happened, my cash-box, my son-in-law and the scoundrel of a Siddha Parusha. Shame that I went and prostrated myself at his feet, shame; but why did you not tell me all this before?'

V.—I am very sorry—

N.—Sorry or glad I don't care, but why didn't you tell me?

V.—I did not know.

N.—But you ought to have known. Why didn't you know?

Sastry found it was no easy question to answer: so he smiled and kept quiet.

N.—You know that devil of a Sreenivasan has fled away leaving this wretched girl here. Why didn't you tell me all that beforehand? Now tell us all you know about that scoundrel of a Siddha. Vasu, I did not know that you would thus betray me. Oh! my son-in-law, my money-chest. Had you told me all last night, I would have handed over that rascal to the police and set an example.

V.—It did not occur to me that he would rob you of your money or that Sreenivasan would so easily desert Rukmani. Are all the women in the house safe? My

friend the Siddha is more fond of carrying away women than men, but the present case seems to be different.

Just then the police head constable reported to the Dewan Bahadur that he had despatched several parties of constables in various directions in search of the thief.

Narayana Iyer said, 'Very well, see that he is brought to me before to-morrow' and asked Sastry whether he knew the Siddha and what he knew about him and what made the latter start suddenly on his arrival the previous night. 'On my way to Benares,' said Vasudeva Sastry, 'I halted at Gazipore, where I became acquainted with a rich merchant, a native of our district. He was very kind to me and very attentive to my wants and his hospitality induced me to prolong my stay in the place. Two or three days after I went there, a Yogi came there, dressed in *garua* cloth with matted hair and a serpent in his hand; he had a considerable following of yogis, who all worshipped him as a Siddha Purusha and ascribed extraordinary powers to him, such as flying in the air, walking on the sea, and so forth. He was received and entertained with all his following by a merchant who was my friend's friend. I warned him, but he did not heed me and provided lodgings to the supposed Siddha in his own house. One day, myself and my friend went to see him, and, when questioned about his previous history, he told us that he was in his *purea asrama* (former state) a Sanskrit pundit in the Madura College, that once when he went to the famous Suduragiri hills in the Tinnevelly District, he met a Siddha and paid his respects to him and the Siddha, pleased with his behaviour, took him over to the Siddhasrama in the interior, and, in the course of a few years made him personally acquainted with Parvati and Parameswara and finally transformed him into a Siddha. The serpent, he said, was an emblem of the highest order of Siddhas, and, he claimed equality with Agastya. He further claimed that by a mere touch of his garment, many persons had acquired wonderful powers. Every day he surprised his host and the people around him with sundry feats of jugglery and mesmerism which, had they been performed by a poor juggler, would have been regarded as mere tricks, but, having been worked by him, were considered miracles. My friend asked me privately if his Sanskrit punditship was a fact. I assured him that it was a mere lie, as I knew all the pundits of that institution from its very commencement. The sensation he created in the city was however immense, and many were the entertainments given to him and his retinue. Every day he threatened to fly away, (for he was a Siddha and therefore could fly as he said) but every day he was detained by the foolish merchants of the place. At last however he actually flew away, not in the air however, nor with his old following, but with a very beautiful girl of sixteen who belonged to one of the most influential families in the city. Hardly had he left the place, when an urgent warrant came for arresting him, for he had been convicted of forgery and kept in custody at Madras, from which he somehow contrived to escape. Many and desperate were the attempts made both by the police and by the merchants of the place to trace him out, but all in vain, for he was nowhere to be seen. Some said he was dead, others that he fled away to the Himalayas. He knew me very well, though he was not aware that I belong to Madura, otherwise he would not have come here. Seeing that I suspected him, he had taken from me a promise not to say anything of him to the Gazipore people. I seriously advised him to leave off his wicked ways, though he told me only a little of them, but that was to no purpose. My concern for him curiously enough resulted

in his taking an oath from me not to appear to know him, nor speak ill of him to any one in any place during his stay there—a curious oath to be sure: but I did not grudge to give it to him, as it is contrary to my nature to betray or speak ill of any man however bad he may be, and I sincerely wished he would improve. Every thing in the world is God and how could I despise even the murderer?

'I was very much surprised to find him here in your own house, but I could say nothing on account of that oath, and it was for fear of breaking it that I left you rather abruptly last night. I had no fear of his being able to work any mischief in your house, especially as it is well guarded by peons, and so I went home with an easy mind and now I am glad that it is only your cash-chest that you have lost and that it is only Sreenivasan that has been enticed away.'

On hearing this story, Narayana Iyer laughed in spite of his anger and grief and said. "Your philosophy has simply made a fool of you. Annamal is after all right; Vedanta makes dunces of men. To give such an oath to a scoundrel and keep quiet. You should have refused to give it man."

Vasudeva Sastry, "Yes, but he begged and pressed me so and I saw no harm in it. Perhaps I might not have given him such an oath had he asked me for it after his elopement with that girl: but even then I am not sure. For we should never speak ill of others though we are not bound by an oath not to do so. I have not told you a hundredth part of what I know of him, and even this I told you to show that comparatively you have not suffered much. Perhaps he has now improved a little."

N:— "Yes he has improved: you too have improved into an idiot. Look at this, this girl (pointing to Rukmani) is weeping tears of blood and you goose, you say I have not suffered."

To make a long story short, Vasudeva Sastry was entrusted with the commission of finding out Sreenivasan and bringing him back to his senses and his wife, as it was thought none else was competent to do it. He determined to start on his expedition that very day, but, before doing so, he took Rukmani aside and asked her to tell him all that happened between herself and her husband the previous night.

News and Notes.

A liberal donation.—Mr. R. Gopalier, B. A., B.C.E., Assistant Engineer, Bellary, has contributed Rs. 1,500 to the Swami Vivekananda's Famine Fund, so ably administered by Swami Akhandananda. Here is a first class instance of Indian charity, and we hope that the example will be largely followed. The unique character of the Fund is that it is managed by Sanyasins, disciples of Bhagawan Sri Ramkrishna and that it goes by the name of our beloved Swami Vivekananda.

The insufficiency of Science.—On the occasion of the celebration of his Jubilee, Lord Kelvin, a Professor of Natural Philosophy in the University of Glasgow, is reported to have said, "I might perhaps rightly feel pride in knowing that the University and laity of Glasgow have conferred on me the great honor of holding this jubilee. I do feel profoundly grateful, but when I think how infinitely little is all that I have done, I cannot feel pride, I only see the great kindness of my scientific comrades, and of my friends, in crediting me for so much. One word characterises the most strenuous of the efforts (for the advancement of Science) that I have made during fifty-five years—that word failure. I know no more of electric and magnetic force, or of the relation between ether, electricity and ponderable matter, or of chemical affinity, than I knew and tried to teach my students of natural philosophy fifty years ago in my first session as Professor."